

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge
THE HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

Government Inspector
MR. F. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent
A. MATHISON, Librarian
J. L. FAKINE, M. D. Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

D. H. COLEMAN, M. A., Head Teacher
P. HENRY, Teacher
J. M. CHILDS, B. A., Teacher
W. J. CAMPBELL, Teacher
T. J. LONDON, Teacher
M. J. MATHISON, Monitor Teacher
MISS J. G. TRIBBLE, Head Teacher
MISS M. J. MATHISON, Teacher
MISS SYLVIA L. HALL, Teacher
MISS ADA JAMES, Teacher
MISS GEORGINA LANN, Teacher
MISS NINA BROWN, Teacher

Teachers of Articulation:

MISS IDA M. JACK, Teacher
MISS MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work

MISS L. N. McRAE, Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing
JOHN T. BURNS, Instructor of Boys, etc.

WM. DOUGLASS, Storekeeper & Associate Supervisor
WM. STARK, Master Shoemaker

G. O. KRITH, Supervisor of Boys, etc.
JOHN F. KANE, Engineer

MISS M. DEMPSEY, Sewing Instructor
JOHN BROWN, Master Carpenter

MISS N. MATHISON, Trained Hospital Nurse
D. CUNNINGHAM, Butler

JOHN MOORE, Farmer and Gardener

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education and advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are, on account of deafness, either partially or totally, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are born in the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to do so, will be charged the sum of \$50 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance, which will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to boys. The female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the sewing machine and such ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal provisions offered by the government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. For information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc. will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away if put in box in office door will be sent to my post office at noon and 3 P.M. of each day, Sundays excepted. The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery for any one, unless the same is in the locked bag.



FOR THE CANADIAN MUTE.

A Deaf Mute's Hope.

The close upon the hour of morning,
As I awaken with a start,
And vainly grasp a fleeting phantom
That with the dawning light depart.

O mother! mother! I've been dreaming
All through the lonely hours of you
Why does sleep not last forever?
Why must we wake to weep anew?

My mother, you stood here beside me
Your face and form were heavenly fair,
No care lines marked your radiant brow,
No silver veined your auburn hair.

And soon you bent that gracious form
And clasped me close to your fond breast,
Your loving hand caressed my brow,
And stilled my throbbing brain's unrest.

You whispered earnest words of hope
Into my ear while soulless ear
You told how in those radiant hours
There dwelt no soul that could not hear.

Your gentle accents flowed like water
Through a dry and rock-bound strait,
Joining my closed ears to the knowledge
That life best to hope and wait.

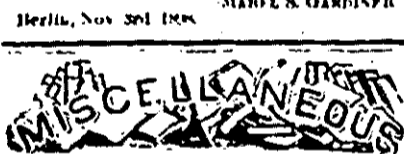
Then once again, ere sleep bereft me
You pressed your warm lips to my own,
Then, with the frenzy dawn you left me
With my affliction, all alone.

There we I turn the same old light
Heavenly your picture on the wall,
But over each loved feature now
A blighting shadow seems to fall.

Grief's shadow darkens that fair brow
And darkens those tender eyes
While on those lips compressed by pain
The print of weep too plainly lies.

And such you were my sunny mother
But such you'll never be again,
You dwell now where the heavenly spheres
Sing with the angels sweet refrain.

Yes, here I try to patiently wait
Where dusk ne'er my ray can greet
I'll wait until you come to take me
To be healed at Jesus' feet.



Orders in Sign Language.

Clerk Jago of the Wellington hotel has introduced a novelty into the discipline of his bell boys. He no longer issues his commands by snapping his fingers, or shouting, or touching a bell. He has the youngsters ranged on seats in good view of the office, and when he has orders to give he communicates them noiselessly through the medium of the sign language.

The change was suggested to the hotel man some days ago when Dr. A. W. Mann, the president of the Chamber Ohio, Episcopal Institution for the deaf and dumb, stepped up to the office and signified with his fingers, his desire to be assigned a room. Clerk Jago, who is a most versatile young man, having acquired the deaf and dumb language when a school boy, was delighted to have this opportunity to rehearse his accomplishment, and soon the gentlemen were well acquainted.

Since that time it has occurred to Mr. Jago that it would be a good idea to teach the bell boys a few of the intricacies of the silent language, and so he at once organized a class, and after an hour's diligence was satisfied that it would be safe to abolish the customary "Front." Now, when a guest is arriving, Clerk Jago is making a series of expressive gestures to bell boys, porters and other menials and when the new arrival reaches his room he finds the door unlocked, a pitcher of ice water standing on the table, and all is done in perfect silence. Mr. Jago's next class, it is assumed, will include the tonsorial artists at the hotel barber shop. *Inter Ocean.*

Honesty worships in the temple of truth.

Had the Last Laugh. HOW THE LAWYER ENJOYED SOME INNOCENT FUN.

"When I learned the deaf mute sign language a few years ago," said the young lawyer, "it was for a definite purpose, and since then incidentally it has furnished a good deal of amusement to me. There are not many deaf mutes in this city, and when in coming down on an elevated train one morning I discovered that the cross seat opposite me was occupied by two young women who were conversing in sign language my interest was at once excited. They were neat looking girls, and as I settled in my seat I discovered that they were having an animated conversation on a certain young man whose merits and demerits they were frankly discussing, never dreaming that any one else in the car could understand them. Suddenly one of them noticed that I was looking intently at them, and with her fingers she said to the other girl:

"Don't look up just now, but in the seat across from you is a young man on whom you have made an impression. He isn't bad looking."

"I glanced idly out of the window to give the girl a chance to inspect me, and with difficulty I suppressed a smile. She looked me over critically and then with her fingers she said:

"You saw him first. He is yours. I don't like blonds myself."

"It was you at whom he was looking, came the reply.

"No, he was looking at you. I don't like his mustache. Just look at him now, concerted thing! He is curling it."

"I think his mustache is very nice," said the first girl. "Don't look in his direction so frequently or he will suspect me."

"He looks too slow to suspect anything. Besides I can see him by looking in the mirror, and he doesn't know it. I am going to size him up again now," and she turned toward the mirror so did I, and I caught her glance square in the eyes.

The young woman flushed a bit and then pretended to be looking out of the window. The girl who admitted that I was not bad to look at nudged her friend and with her mumble fingers said:

"His clothes fit him well, don't they? Wouldn't he be angry if he knew that we were talking about him? I think that he is nice."

"It was with difficulty that I could prevent myself from acknowledging this compliment in sign language, but I didn't want to spoil the fun. The second girl looked at me again by way of the mirror and then said:

"He is staring at us too much. Let's look at his shoes and embarrass him. He will think that there is something wrong with them."

"All right," said my friend, and two pairs of eyes were turned on my shoes, which I knew were all right. Being forewarned I was not embarrassed, and I thrust my feet a little forward so that they might be in full view.

"It's no go," said the second girl, "and my long experience is the first time that I ever failed at that trick. He does not even look down at his shoes. I will bet that he is awfully conceited."

"They kept up a very free discussion of my appearance, and when we reached city Hall station I arose to go out, and they followed right behind. The car had been well filled, and the girls were in a hurry. I stepped to one side and in sign language said to the one behind me:

"Excuse me, I am sorry to be in your way."

"That girl read my hands in amazement, and I would not have missed the expression of her face as her eyes met mine for anything. It was a blank to remember. Without explaining to the other girl, who was behind her, she grabbed her arm and hustled her about face and out of the other door. As I reached the platform I saw the girl whom I addressed explaining it to the

other girl, whose face indicated that she was struggling between mortification and mirth. Just as they turned toward the bridge both of them looked back at me. I smiled and raised my hat. They laughed, and on they went. It was a pleasant little entertainment for a down town trip."—*New York Sun*

A Bubble Opened.

Once a minister paid a visit to a school for the deaf and dumb in London for the purpose of examining the children in the knowledge they possessed of the divine truth.

A little boy on this occasion was asked in writing, "Who made the world?"

The boy took up the chalk and wrote underneath the question, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

Then the minister inquired in a similar manner, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?" A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow as he wrote, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

A third question was then proposed eminently adapted to call his most powerful feelings into exercise, "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?" "Never," said an eye-witness, "shall I forget the look of holy resignation and chastened sorrow which sat on his countenance as he took up the chalk and wrote, 'Even so father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.'"

This narrative, which it would be mild criticism to call improbable, has once more started on its rounds. We clipped it this time from the columns of the *California Christian Advocate* where it was credited to the *Sunday-school Evangelist*. We first saw it in an old, old number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is of course not to be expected that one unfamiliar with the deaf would recognize at once the incredible character of this venerable tale. It may be argued that it is a beautiful story, but it is a despicable fraud nevertheless, it cannot be considered as even worthy of association with Aesop's fables, for the latter made no pretensions as to truth—they were simply designed to illustrate truths, while this mendacious impostor poses not merely as an illustrator of truth but as truth itself. Consider for a moment the absurdity of the thing: A child—a little boy—is supposed to quote aptly and without special instruction passages of Scripture in reply to searching questions. Is it credible that answers similar to those quoted would be given by a child possessed of all his faculties? How much more unreasonable is it then to suppose that a deaf child would be capable of doing so.—*California News*.

City Life Preferred by the Deaf.

Supt. Ray, of the Raleigh, N. C., School argued in favor of farming at one of the sessions of the Industrial Section. He deprecated the tendency of the deaf to flock to the cities instead of remaining in the country. Dr. Fay, of the *Annals*, said that the statistics collected by him in connection with the census of '90 told a different tale, and that the tendency was really the other way. This was something of a surprise to many present at the meeting. We are inclined to think that something was wrong with the statistics. Now, Minnesota is pre-eminently an agricultural state, yet the number of independent farmers among the deaf in this state, can almost be counted on the fingers. Every now and then we hear of deaf young men and women going to one of the cities to live and work, while we cannot recall one instance to the contrary. It is loneliness, a desire for human companionship, which is responsible for this. We are not disposed to criticize such a natural feeling. But it is a grave truth that city life and associations are not usually conducive to the moral elevation of the deaf. There is plenty of cheap and fertile land within the boundaries of our state. A little care and labor would make many of our deaf young men independent farmers. But how to overcome that objection of loneliness. If two or three deaf families could take up land in the same neighborhood, they would secure a certain amount of companionship.—*Min. Companion*.